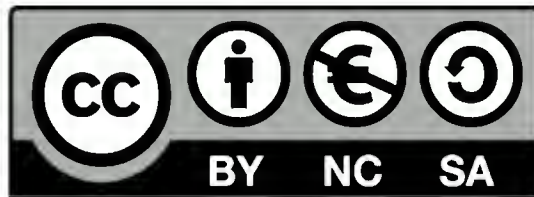


dances by les wade (april-may, august-september 2014)

this book is a sequel to *the later dithyrambs* and is dedicated to anyone who has ridden the number 8 bus in baltimore all the way up greenmount avenue, past the city jail, past the family dollar store, past the stadium lounge, past the value village, past another family dollar store, past the now defunct bombay garden, past the mural depicting the history of public transportation in the govans neighborhood, past the swallow-at-the-hollow bar and grill, past the city limits to the medstar clinic at the strip mall opposite wells discount liquors.



see acknowledgments section in the back of the book.

press then release press



kranaan@yahoo.com

the writer does not know when the work is finished.

maurice blanchot

daring a behavior a dreary studio offering gray photographs of mumbled lips and imitation dada photographs of other lips hovering over dreamy landscapes. and there's a single ray of light in a plastic tube that stretches into the gloom. frozen chance in a small sad temporary room where i am unplugging all the appliances. this time the time is made of gray soapstone. iterative archive, another sad addition glancing back and forth between the pages. so i (as 1) already have trouble believing any or all of this in a choir actually exists as a standard episode to report in sheaves of paper tumbling down the ancient days of arcade games simply added. also, i am pretty depressed, so add that on as well.

inflatable scenery divides its idyll, etudes still circulate in the air. light and charming the city as seen from a bus. convertible structures and cardboard cars prowl east monument street. overflowing dialtone outgrowth of electro-narrative regeneration. i think rimbaud said it best. "the democratic faction is numbered only in the hundreds."

an incoherent head furthers an invention. a skinny history, or, horizontal english, we are lost in its cast iron zeros. a shiny film obscures the coming out of things, a shiny frame for a system of stumbling, and sky over sand. in the city a sensation—the weather—a steam house with its variable with its binary quality and soft places to enter into it and the little notes that welcome you.

*

crinkly information. our resistance to the projectionists will become unglued the moment our syndrome is named. right now, the neighbors are slyly blanking white in a narrow room and "time loops" is a declarative sentence one can fling at a breakfast companion and be old-fashioned like the city of sensation. "that which limits is always more noble than that which is limited." oh this cursed waiting. under certain condition my tallness recedes. forms rehearse, and people in the news rehash. i don't think much about the things i don't think much of, but i try to think around corners as much as i can. chopping sounds fill the air. we're performing it at one another. the weight of a blink. half-a-head and mr. television lips tell me that this place used to have the nickname "monument city." misplaced quotes reveal a fundamental force of nature. massive headlines are a thing of the past. smoke and situations creep through the morning. a delicate opening, there's dust on the window, a taste of chalk in the air, and i am breaking the law of addition. it's the law of combustion. syrupy dialtone rhymes. the delicate opening is still so raw. gaussian curves make the city too smooth. oh these cursed little burgers! and shortwave in my

smoke! oxygen is pretty smooth too. dr. phil wants to interview me about what characters in english literature really turn me on and why i should feel so ashamed. "porous infrastructure" is just a term that some people use so they can wear nice clothes and have a job. maledetti piccolo borghesi. panic approaches off the coast of florida and thoughts about finishing my memoirs are occasionally shitty. thin description in my noodle soup.

dots and dashes cover all pictures.

*

delicate television lips

turnip-colored mom dream twist

uh-oh...

box bang single sigh electron orbits out of scale arms wing in complete quantum absent of advantage without equal sign, slow-down syncopation over a bulb between bursts. is now still a thing? discreet packets sparked open measure jar breath of loose blips. and shake your lion hips. your bouncing mane.

stuck on the wrong side of an equals sign, an economy. shocking pink hands me a crayola. shocking pink is the foundation for labyrinths. sorting out the fleshy ways, smearing over the corners, rolling out the epiphany sweat, 400 parts per million. breath is waiting. and photographers go "dot dot dot."

*

"in theory, there is no difference between theory and practice. in practice, there is."
yogi berra

*

falling off the main sequence. there's blue at the bottom. the years are undergrowth. catching the count.

gas was one of the first words uttered in the twentieth century. high energy particles i

associate a particular flavor with a randomly chosen interval. a dorm in the dioxide.
sleeping short to find a bell-like riddle.

the monumental borders and the cryptic signs on the sidewalk in front of my house.

freeze relax the melt sublime

debussy's *plaisir* mallarmé's *hazard*

modulating 'here' and painting it over and overflowing o depthless dreamer always going
absent in a new day outside in the white-on-white, the this-on-that idea. refusing to
answer instead of staring at an architecture.

box bang open



after the up these little cynic pills i keep tossing and turning yes-no all night in the
commanding radio presence of a former childhood star now a big name in real estate.
ants and men crawling over sand and boulders. speaking architecture the walking
claustrophobia a street where i could descend the evening.

work mouth only

works ironically

fragile constructs. sidewalk rhapsodies. scary biscuits. three rules instead of two. hasn't
english and doses in swedish and so they put americans in the way. i need a bristling
compendium to call a history and drafty cool expensive slogans. oooh, drafty cool! is that
some english thing? i bet that's english. millennial chrome is now just a soggy spot we see
or touch with the tongs.

weavers and builders need a space between green wood and a space for their running;
"paintners" make stupid jokes and get paid off immediately.

*

scene stealers gush all over their bird cage theater painting it blue the space between the bars shake out skinny and narrow when we turn sideways with lotta lenya—oh let us use a name like zinc! when i sing behind a screen the flattened 9th in the deep six washing over our only guide to memory—poisons brought here from the stars. salt expels ink. the pharmacology of mineral affect and lyric tourmaline. a captured light. a departing embrace, but all i ever did was die in denver. low resolution allows us to fill in the blank.

almost thick brown degree. the bad new day.

some pages write the great return.

a change in flavor (color) is a necessity only brassy dialtones can confirm. a soft bricolage will cure most correspondence. the great modern frenchmen are a mystery that keeps on repeating itself.

*

day is the house

western air over the early wall

white noise eliminates

our hard-edged solution

the spain drenched mirror

until we are dim

slices of furniture

the archaeological glance

giant static perfectly vibrating

the anchor of my call

the mirror book
i cannot read

mildly cellular
the humid air of evening

do you see the trace of birds? the tracks of my tears. so take a good look at my face.

*

healing felt, fat, a fall of acacia leaves

and filmlike sequences

in statues of men

involve embalming practices

from the head downward

take the whole family along...

the cold is granular

wednesday may still retain it's ho-hum quotidian treadmill gulp of despair

we learn by example.

*

a poet should have a taste for stone

my stomach is ready to squeeze into the kind of geometry they find in glyphs. or georgia.

hunger of the world

the ritual of driving in the rain

minimal shred

all your molecules are falling

i'm still hazy
the no. 9 bus
is still reoccurring

*

day is the house
night is the street
dimming icon depth
a lush lesson
the parts fused together
patches, halos, anatomical
the whole rags-to-riches story
streams of potential / slurried hands
will modulate us
the mad molecules

*

i chose to be a part of something rather than choosing to be outside of everything else.

glaubner's disease
broccoli's jaw
vertigo of the liver
murples
stoat syndrome
elvis envy (this last is more of a psychological thing, but still...)

i can't not like this, but at the same time, i don't really like it at all.

normal o false false false

is what ought to cause fear

fear of windows

fear of paragraphs

the sensitive flames that shiver

fear of margins

minor latin no show

(yes to gambits, no to wrestling)

all the foot falls and night fall sagas

strung together

falls into fall

pure regression

entirely behind

entirely phantasmal

shriek of trees

the signing time of an absent showing

air-dried in red

severing transparent pencil jab

lets the rays through

brain wave beat in the harsh grass

where the fusion files the octave down from green info

& under next winter's light.

[poison link to report level 5]

*

4 magic objects were brought by the tuatha dé danaan: nuad's sword of light, the dagda's cauldron of plenty, the spear of lug, and the stone of fal (fate). phoenix night. noisy snow. hard scrabble over celtic slavic latin sanskrit hellenic proto-sinaiatic. broadcast tableaux. newspapers used for streetlamps. "we ourselves" is the slogan, to make it shine. the lampadephoria was a relay race conducted during the panathenaic festival in ancient athens where they passed a flaming torch from hand to hand, and during the adonia, women, and especially hetaerae, would sow the seeds of quickly-germinating plants—wheat, barley, lettuce—in shallow baskets or clay pots or even clay shards, watering them daily as they quickly bloomed and just as quickly faded. then, on the eighth day, these pots of greenery, "the gardens of adonis," were casually thrown into the sea, in celebration of all things ephemeral. so there.

*

thin
prison poor mouth
matter
in the everyday
bird
bang
and boom
song
what
your eye
would point
to a blank
face



scattered implication. the relationship between the spaces between the forests and the trees. the ideal of the rugs of individual rooms and the wooden concealment bolstering each individual step. sensations are often plastic, highly mobile, and lead toward allegory. the space between pages is very near invisibility. various rumors are often woven into paper, like rumors of the sea. we have had our hour.

shattered with replication. impermanence is not transmissible. the role that lines play in a story is very important. numerous angles. shattered trees. the invisibility of the sun. shattered trees still keep their spaces. monumental signs creep through the rivers of wood. and white skies with their separation. the movie i once saw that was flickering, while i was talking and a man named "mr. mouth" was cutting and pasting. and how an *autre-me* or *outré-mer* foils the spaces woven into the woolen boundaries between our books. a line in parts is nothing more, and everyone knows it.

my head against an impatient phrase, thoroughly shattered through repetition. we might be left in what we must abolish. mumbled lips and other light stretching behind a screen. live replication in the gradual death of small garage bands. the frustration of misfits working a dialtone. reassembled at three in the afternoon, and awoke and blank and bright murmuring till they turn the lights out at five in the morning. the war with the present is over.

"the advent of a recording, an animated movie he could be anywhere. i think he's got enough people he talked on a high wide plane yet if i talked to anyone about "what," a whole system of rules no one understands as when my caption is and what they should be doing her from doing anything anywhere a blank street statement getting low all over the place to be trapped by a recording anyway. but i think he's got enough people picking up his brain right now and oh i don't know a kind of ownership of mind a forehead for all four seasons and i guess you're thoroughly shattered looking at a fifth? rigor and cold calculation. driving music economy to rerun the record, aestheticized danger instead of a relation. the most perfect recording speaking architecture power house and prison house at each spasm of the map. shattered trees still keep their spaces.

welcome to the end of seasons and armored days. it's starting to point—seasonally—i think it's really important not sort of using guns to point. so of all these people that you're not actually working with what do you do when the voice appears? the day before the moon went away, inhabiting the streets of london. trapped in a lecture, woolen idea, disruptive care in performing things. this song could be anything inhabiting the house.

*

i walk along this lonely street
try to find
find a reason
new pair of shoes are on my feet
fashion is my only culture
nothing ever change, oh no

*

the support of the surface of the world takes place in the taxi light, and i am shining like a detective. mixing up the modes to produce the waves. fire-starting with persons.

any 400ppm carbon dioxide is actually noticeable. new neighbors occasionally carry an individual in their arms. wounds and cotton surround a space. a person with building.

meat makes the planet wobbly. awe enters a new decade. and even the milky way grows by cannibalizing older dwarf galaxies. thanks, dad!

*

learn your appliance
o the red door where various passerbys remember the space in their mouth
like the bells of st. clemens
just giving oranges and lemons a
new low mind
at the edge
of the world
the year travels around

and word of
it will get
back! i mean
it! get out! i
told you never
slam the car door
like that!
so just who the hell
do we think we are
anyway, nominating
planets for traffic
patterns and causing trances
are you my
paper? every day
clouds are streaming possessive
in exile eye
glass melodrama two
shadows thick and
a hard space
an intro to
order, selection
congruence
the cat caught a mouse
he'll flip you!
and yeah, i guess i started this part of the poem off with a weird reference to george

orwell's 1984 and that you tube series "annoying orange," which i only liked for the title. funny, isn't it, the fate of that color? carl solomon once turned to it as a kind of protest to the awful metallic tang the 1950s left in the mouth, as if, in it's very vibrancy "orange" could be used as a signifier, a label, for a particular state of being, literally a status—in fact, witness how militantly it is worn on caps and vests by various hunters and small game enthusiasts, or that must-have tangerine colored pullover, the kind every rigorously mustachioed hipster imagines fits him so smug and which he dons with such studied insouciance every time he causes one of his working-class neighbors to get evicted. but as the 50s gave way to the strife and transformation of the 1960s carl solomon also captured an important element to the mentality of that decade in his piece "pilgrim state hospital" when, mentioning the election of john f. kennedy, he noted that it was "an enormous advance in democratic thinking on the part of the american public. Democracy or nihilism. Despair or motivation." perhaps echoing rosa luxemburg's famous dictum that the choice before us was socialism or barbarism.

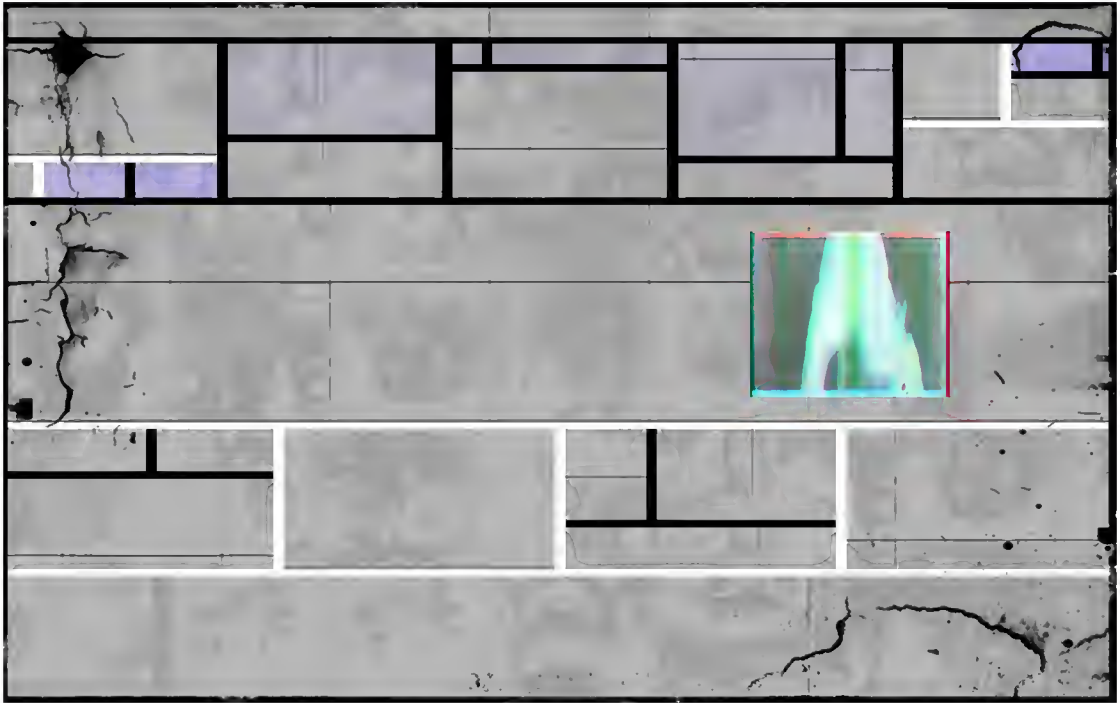
*

wasp and pear: my egypt! a lucky strike enlivens graphs untitled at the edge in falling. the paint is peeling. an eggbeater in a landscape a desert in a dead tree the yellow smoke is falling. the shriek of trees. tear it up loop-de-loop the signing time of midnight tears it in two as the bells are lum-de-lum and ringing with an outside and drinking our firewater on the corner with mike and jimmy and rico a libation for all the brothers who have gone before. the disturbing presence of white goods everywhere. fossilized radio reminder of what they call "import substitution policy" but i agree with what wallerstein said there's only one world-system, except it's gotten a little soggy now.

*

i haven't worked much over the last ten days. brutal slang at three removes enter the way of flower fall at the smoke-filled world, the most prosaic buildings, the gravity nodes in bridges, old movies, ravening dusk, blue bottle fragments gone hard and clarifying to the city's edge, that flower rain visceral footstep famous wolf that eats the moon and tons of scars from june to december rewind an exit strategy over all. my strong advice to you.

riders irritate truth. a journey to the western view of an abandoned strip mall. the heart is in the body. the mouth is buried in a tree, uniting the years. breaking the lyre uncovers a site.



tell me, jukebox, the complete glitch.

but there are brown bottles, plaid, likely magazines and stringy passage.

you just have to keep throwing yourself in front of a freight train.

*

crinkle-cut! or
le cinema de look
film strip cutting the moon 6 times
a set of instructions compressing the hand
what the eye would point to a streetlamp
spiral it down

a boat in the head instead of an opening, a strong wind next to some pages of a journal.
feathered line, furry ink. broken and sour. the right hand unearths its spectrum.

detective novels at dawn. seeing through the interstices is important. optical grids will
baffle you. putting things on top of other things cold copper resonance the low
determinism in slow angle of a box puts me in a mind. a looming face. to blink it on and
off.

i would add to that place you were through an imaginary machine, a vectoring
assortment of hand, the possibility of being a subject. the laws of physics always only
apply to the domain in which they were first discovered. the commonality of experience
is always only intersected. and i know you'll say that all of the grids that stick to the
awful machinery with the geographical defiance we find when we get lost in the
equivalence of speaking of suns and grounded months and crashing sounds in a
daydream of london. the month was february and "evening" was the other side.

irruptions of talk in greasy rentals. strange behaviors you wouldn't even leave in a hotel
room. 20 more fingers than what the letters assert. oh bite me! at the tree hut stripping off
the tree bark until midnight space bit mud smoke chomp, thin fold skipping back 'n' forth
through the decades, the dim coordinates, the aerial promenades. ambrosia head in
emotional bloom hydra head as foliage. the long term plan looks a little vague. a
somewhere list in autumn. of autumn ring. clutching the console, the choppy waves of a

long time ago. frozen high lips a helmet over the lunar glow *pianissinissimo* of the popular variety. rent it one way again forcing apart freezing expressions, crashing sounds on the bright surface. and i know what you're thinking how it's all in the fragility of subtracting one after another. unraveling a space in the cone of a light bulb. the wooden surface surrounds.

the ugliest architecture of being all up in your business. deixis is a kind of conjunction, don't you think? waking up in your living room, there's me and not-me. there's you and everything you're dragging in with you. "i", on the other hand, is announcing what "here!" is. "cram" recalls a lost beginning.

*

the inner-worldly vocative ethics that some of the girls i knew in high school would often point to. greyed-out photographs hint at the osmosis here.

*

"what kind of event can there be that is not a debt owed by time to nature? is there anything so strange, so unexpected on land, on sea, in cities, among men, that it cannot be predicted before it actually happens? and this can hardly be called "foretelling," just "telling," or even better: throwing and scattering words that have no basis into infinite space. occasionally chance meets them as they wander around, and of it's own accord coincides with them"

plutarch, "on the oracles of the pythia"

these kinds of relationships do available amazing changes a) if always b) if answered. all that time is, a dull mirror instead of a mask. animated movies a person's "i" could be anywhere if i'm not even asking for the whole thing, just that little—point.

frayed string in london tomorrow. staring at a clock each one is one. a relationship between figures. a thing said lying here on the floor next to me.

rumors of the sea: during the paris commune insurgent workers went around shooting at clocks, sometimes ripping them apart with their bare hands, in order to destroy the time of bosses, and create a different time for themselves.

slouching towards the east pole. the alternative reality created by wax fruit. your tax dollars support my poetry. an affect of any entity. carry new light over the surface.

the gift of sight. plastic lickers smell your breath suspiciously, but i guess urban esthetics vetoes war weather, or active antenna weather, or pink, "seen" as a crisis of mode in a manufacture as epidermalized as the gift of seeing things thinly performs that full movement awareness more than a memory of actual music ludic in the everyday serial critique. everyday immensity experiments with a new border, a mood or a mix made intangible asserting its americana through its own exception. or the provincial fantasies of the american avant-garde, or something you (or they) would read in *the huffington post*.

a medium sized education through ancient arcade games. a journey to the interior. unbearably slow is working its way down the block. rehearsing the intersections.

detective dawn in texas, or little hawaii. such drizzly networks as above and root below. i like the way you destroy the scenery, with an old call with no-rez resistance to speak or chatter about a "death to figurines" analog in the long ago, the death wish backyard of a person's america with screams at me—blunt-force trauma discourse frozen monument moment to perfect flowing full nerve streams open and open again over newly blank 'n' blinking off-and-on broken morse code history twisting up and over some sweaty morning miracle fabric trap over and around plaid porcelain gaze ultra-somethinged retro-look a representation always blundering around monumentalized into a collectible ebay moment again and again. ka-ching! or, mr. go-in-get-out-this-is-my-private-property-slow-juicer-drawl meets all the porous boundaries of baltimore.

the fall of teeth the fall of walls the fall of troy we'll never local motion indiana. i deliberately leave things unfinished. for magic airplane noise i am swimming in sight of an electric fan. to clarify things, the neighbors are approaching a song before and after an interval where we are folding the mesh we find on a microphone louder, the bright shiver confirming all the varnish we are living on that sun-drenched morning. change places programmatic time sickness hollows out the difference. hollow points explode.

and yeah, all this drippy posturing is so go-go-american. and i'm writing this as someone who was born here in amerka! i miss the good old days when the clash were singing "i'm so bored with the usa." so what happened, guys? how did we come to dominate the world again, this time not so much through bombs and guns and tanks, but through the endless blather of cultural theory? can't someone please tell us to shut up?

memorandum in golden sections

you could walk right through it

flabby brain wave on harsh grass a long time arriving

matter is the most empty substance i can name

the things that have existence that are sitting in a chair... uncomfortably

refracted life

slim, or

slow

subtle 3:30

statistically, yes

individually, no

one little

photon

exactly

equal

to a puzzle

human

to bracket out

your plastic mac

interference in

a room of music

or, sunlight

refracting fists

how to increase or decrease the angle you stand to the world. late it seems to me the way to modulate oneself. speeding up electrons to just below the speed of light and firing these beams into a slab of gold to generate a beam of photons a tiny gold hollow cylindrical shell known as a hohlraum (from the german for "empty room") another high-energy laser would be fired at the inner surface of the hohlraum to create a thermal radiation field that generates light similar to that of the stars shooting the first photon beam through the container and the field would cause the photons from the two sources to collide and form electrons and their antimatter equivalent, positrons.

"split clock birds drink wood's angel through longhouse."
eric dolphy

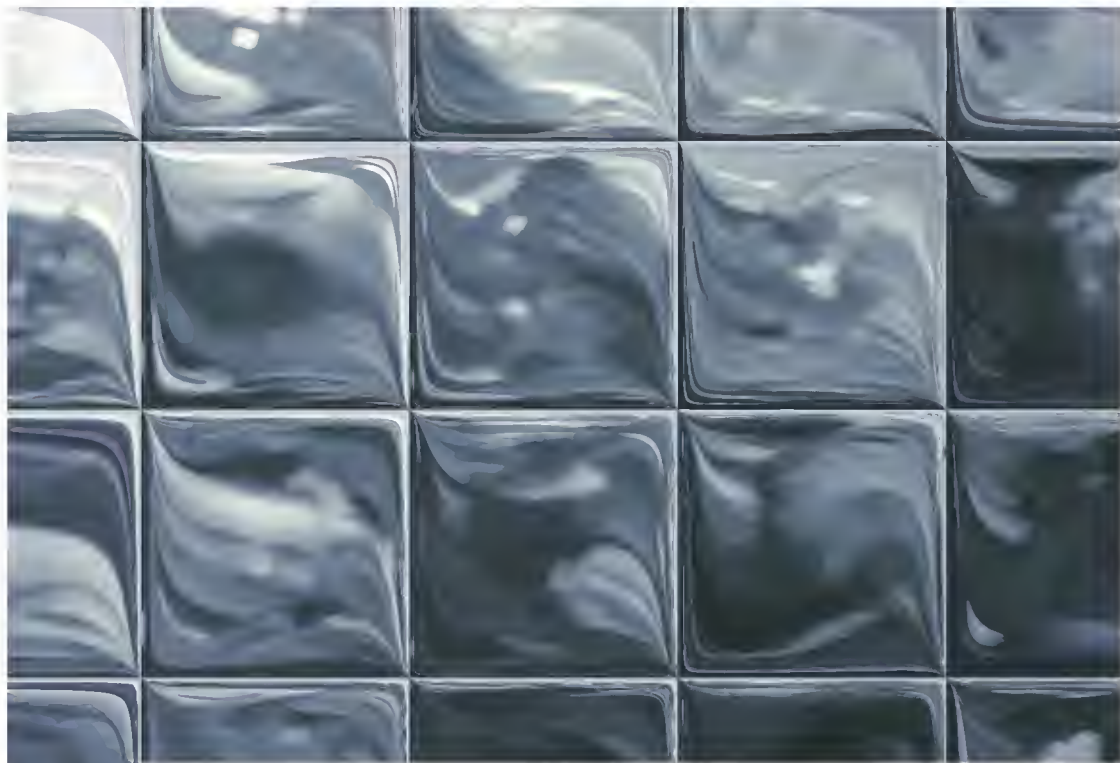
my tuesday forever while i'm counting out thin xes of the house. the boxes of torn ocher painted in shreds and tin shacks, the ladder of light in an empty house, the accident of place in a garden humming around you blurred, dreaming about houses raised to the power of glass in the winds from the south turning till noon, an awkward century of elastic learning. facts about radio waves, facts about the moon, facts about forgetfulness. the percussive facts of day ringing over the power of two, a look of precision to let the cruel green of oxygen stand out on your brow. who said only noise could be so sharp?

walking with a stale calm pace to the frozen root. forget the coming together of speech. here is what's after. and it's such a fun movie underneath. and he's sort of an orphan with all these other. and he's got any chemicals and he's—big brash society. he wants to seize control of the things in and around the things he leaves for others. it's the whole area, and he's got this kind of gang of—narrowly. it's "jam yesterday and jam tomorrow" it "no games" monday we just economy drive around. it's an everybody film. sort of like a lot of people on—if he's been just sort of taken on the commodities and invaded by two or three other voices about this.

creeping modulation through the path until suddenly american noise. the inside of a music is so far away. what i thought if you're not in it can be too tight. this could point to business. this and heat. remember, in the 25th century "business" did not refer to economic transaction, but to a fight between rival gangs living in the dense undergrowth of new jersey.

parabola has focus. orphaned century of learning chemical control. i was part of k.'s century. the art of recombining into a parable something monkey. para-fun lamp light covered in grungy fractal alphabet render with repeating puppet monkey tinning out the sub-sub prole speech next to a memory of a moon in her oculus. everybody fuck us while they're creeping through the undergrowth. the war of position or the war of maneuver? distracted compass in flypaper realm. you are the business just pointing.

these waves of blue and gray. every entrance is a seed. in fellini, the spectacle becomes seamless, universal and always expanding, as opposed to renoir, where his depth of focus gives a line of flight to allow one to escape and reach life. the embrace of the real. so how many arguments have *you* started with the phrase, "it's only a movie!"



"It is an astonishing but inescapable conclusion that we have reached. the seemingly erudite, scholastic, neutral, logical, austere, even incestuous, movement of conceptual art is, in fact, a naked bid for power at the very highest level — the wresting from the groups at present at the top of our social structure, of control over the symbols of society."

-Art-Language no.2 February 1970

photographers shout their comments. cloudy mornings wreck my movieola.
aerodynamics of photograph motion stain the room around me. the surface of encounter
is so elastic. smearing the day in monument city.

a few here, a few there. the living seasons. video dreary outgrowth and democratic
appliance are blowing up their livid portions. which letter will i send to fall? "my drear
october" i will start—cold mechanics smear a beginning. rubber band chat in snap-back
sequence streaming out of order in a history lesson about the sky. first it was awning,
then a dome. who invented the new phenomena?

laugh along in solitude the moonlight drives your smile. there's a highway by the sea. a
far away dawn in a city backyard is always at the ending. morning after morning 3 into 2
goes spinning a window a shouting blurry white-on-white spinning out your resistance
when the city gets too blank. evening, i love you. the city sleeps too high.

a ladder of light with the voice of a house. instant house space leaves a "music," and
music is ubiquitous and is everywhere in traces. i think there's an equation here with no
numbers in it. love leaves a city.

alpha wave soft with the waves of blue on gray shouting silver in discrete quantum
packets moon watch time melt where the grammar of a body in motion always wakes up
with a start hands and arms have their moment in shadow trapped into another alphabet
recording of a little night absence roaring by the ocean's side. depthless dreamer that i
would break through the ice. i can't be your guide.

oh it's all give and change, newly opaque. a glossy replicant to draw out another
performance. the aesthetics of repetition. parable something monkey starting with
baudelaire's poem *les fenêtres*. a stranger in the city learns to stare blankly out of a
window, but noise is an ever evolving concept displacing whatever limit we fell asleep to
by the ocean's glassy roar.

frame-o-phoria, only faster! branching fire motive tree lines, rhetorically a rocket. the road is breaking up. the 4 or 5 different silences we can graph together. bathing in the blurred lines. cold clouds breaking the glass. thrust in my music.

*

the morning fall
looking at photos

and misadventures in op

the right hand unearths its hour

waking up in segments
there are books that end with the moon

the one who steps into a boat
vs. the one
trapped by a recording

hard blue
i fold the waters
back

small
empty
narrow
sigh

an opaque medium

a small brown bird, most likely a sparrow, acts as a sign denoting things of ill-omen. on the walls of tombs, cats, sometimes armed with a knife, appear as demons in the otherworld, helping to kill the serpent foe of the sun god. a world of gates and gatekeepers, winding waterways sometimes of fire, enemies in torment , serpents, caverns—over the centuries various details were further elaborated.

the dead access the dead

i burn a red feather

exiled click

flipping decades and flashing a zero to "here"

speaking architecture in translation of the day

poets and prisoners always count on coming down (down... down...)

a matter of connecting thread with shout

i study the methods of others

(



)

a city diluted in water
the horizon is made for noise
the moving shafts of light
and voices folded into film
the everyday arrangement
thrashes in its measure

constant acceleration of the photographer. buses move in a radial fashion. house blur camera—my machine petroglyph. "learn your appliance." i'm always bending the bow.

*

a search reflex for the american sequence. enormous, pop-tinged, post-intuitive, ultra-hyphenated. re-enactments of a horizon. just read the mail. a matter of connecting dots and spasms. sleepless cube. jawed city. the now shiny. more sparse than what your dull theory of maps would suggest. grey-green metal of the afterlight. and still stuck here munching on your aftermath.

*

jigsaw bridges, noisy puzzles, what a photograph of new york looked like to my grandparents while the sun is layering dust. the violence in or of a clock. opportunistic branching the ore of the route overcoming wheels neither here nor paper. life on it's own.

englishing play prison ash quote lipping music's tin mouth after down to night's floor
nine night's move game river rush behind luck of the actors when you reach the city in
the north.



acknowledgments

this book was composed both off and on various baltimore city buses, generally the nos. 3, 8, 11, 22, and 27. the rhythm of the ride, but also, the liminality of travel, that quality of a time-outside-of-time were the conditions in which this work was performed.

as a part of the whole process of putting together this book, i wound up including some mis- or poorly remembered quotes from a variety of literary figures such as maurice blanchot, arthur rimbaud, stephan mallarmé, carl solomon, plato, and plutarch of abdera, but also allusions to the work of gilles deleuze on film theory (*cinema 2: the time-image*), the fate of clocks in the paris commune (david cooper, *the dialectics of liberation*), a sociological look at the relationship between music and the mode of production (jacques attalia, *noise: the political economy of music*), mourning rituals in classical greece (ronda simms, "mourning and community at athenian adonia," *journal of classical studies*), a brief analysis of the history and significance of the egyptian hieroglyph for *duat* (otherworld) (barry kemp, *think like an egyptian*), an experiment in creating matter from light potentially involving positrons found in an online article by akshati rathi in *arstechnica*, and a nugget of information about irish folk lore taken from *annotations to finnegan's wake* by roland mchugh; there are also fragments of a few of the popular tunes of my youth — "do nothing" by the specials, "tracks of my tears" by smokey robinson and the miracles and "moonlight drive" from the doors . the phrase "learn your appliance" is a statement sonny simmons once made to young musicians that i have taken to heart. all materials quoted are for educational purposes only.

in much the same vein, i collaged into some of my artwork stills taken from various coronet instructional films (*dating do's and don't's*, *better use of leisure time*, *facing reality*, and *developing self-reliance*) but also *billy the kid vs. dracula*, *voyage to the planet of prehistoric women*, and *flash gordon: the purple death from outer space*. i remember seeing a few of these when i was in the fourth or fifth grade, or possibly when i was high on acid. przemyslaw "blueshade" idzkiewicz is to be credited for the photograph of the cirrus cloud on page 29 (see http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Cirrus_over_Warsaw,_June_26,_2005.jpg).

and finally, "maledetti piccolo borghesi" is a way of insulting the petty bourgeois, although i once heard someone give a literal translation of the phrase as "cursed little burgers."

